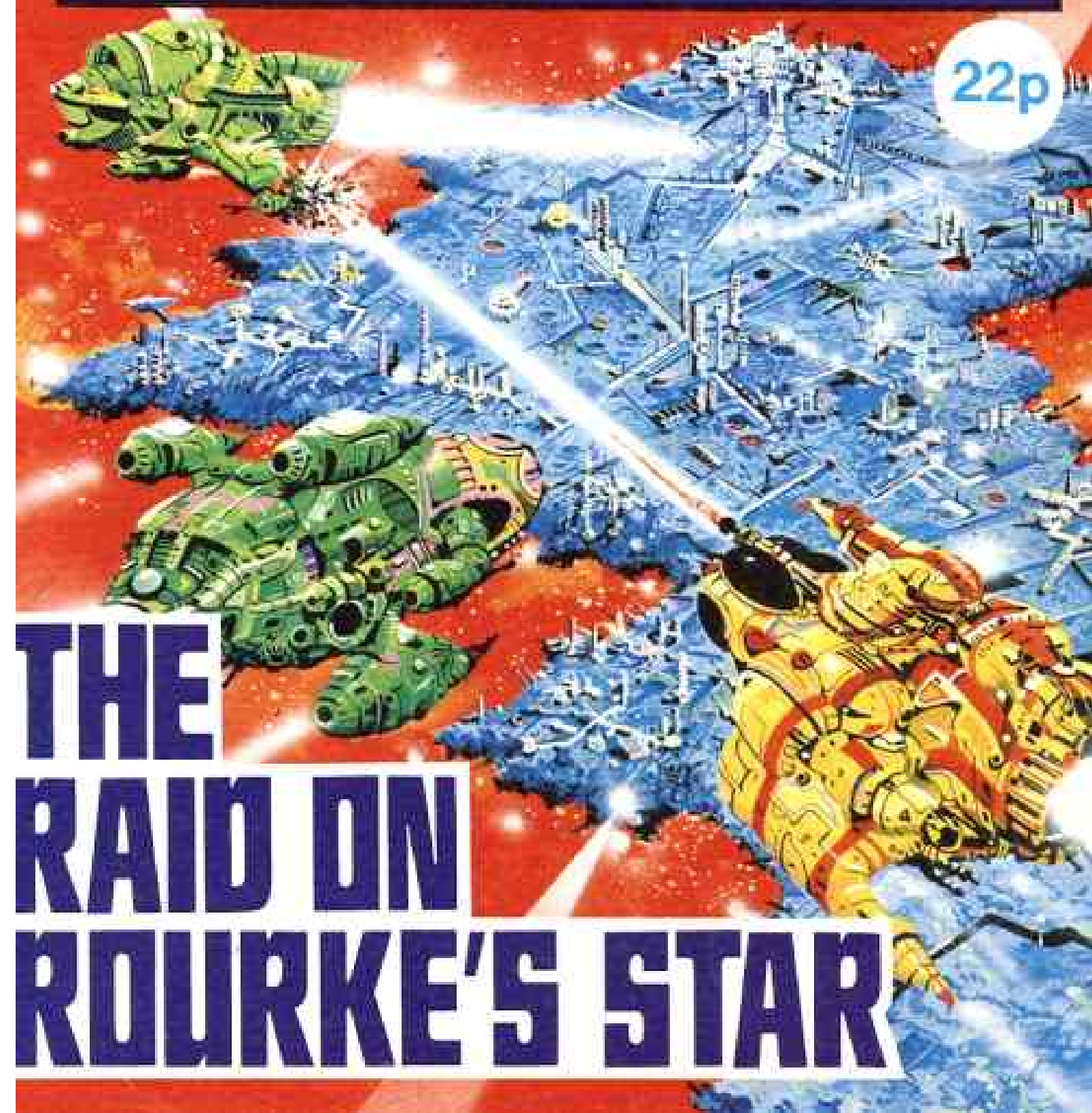


# STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 138

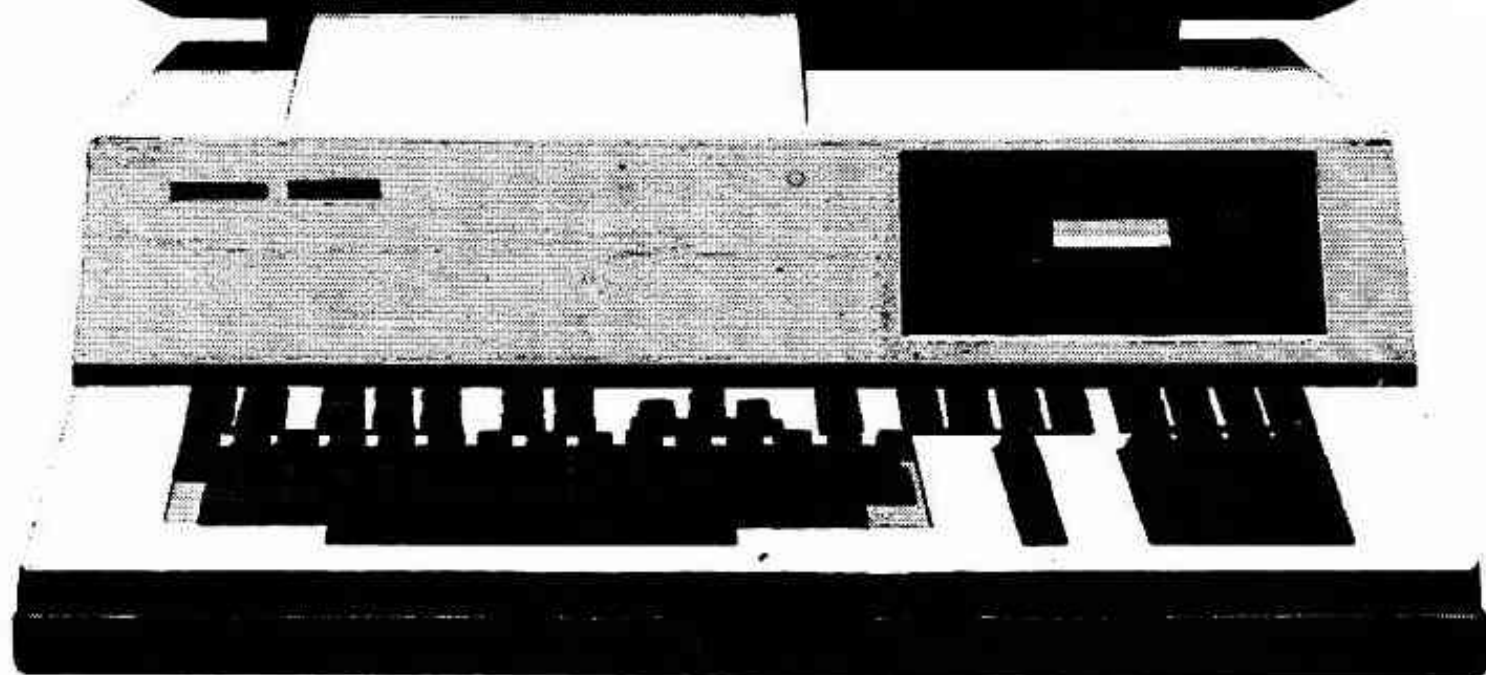
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## THE RAID ON ROURKE'S STAR



# STARBLAZER

THEY WERE MISFITS, CRIPPLED SURVIVORS OF A WAR THEY THOUGHT HAD ENDED. THEIR FIGHTING DAYS WERE OVER—UNTIL THEY WERE ASKED TO PERFORM ONE LAST MISSION . . . A MISSION THAT ONLY A TEAM OF MISFITS COULD POSSIBLY PULL OFF. NONE OF THEM COULD REFUSE TO FIGHT—AND NONE OF THEM WOULD EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN AFTER . . .



# THE RAID ON ROURKE'S STAR

EARTH CONVOYS TRAVELLING THROUGH DEEP SPACE HAD TO BE PROTECTED FROM FREQUENT RAIDS BY THE DAZELIANS, A RACE ENTANGLED WITH EARTH IN A STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY. CONVOY 37B CAME UNDER ATTACK.







FIGHTERS — IDENTIFY  
YOURSELVES...

LET THIS VAK-KRAK MISSILE BE  
MY CALLING CARD, EARTHMAN!

IN A SHOWER OF COSMIC  
DUST, CONVOY 37B's ESCORT DISAPPEARED.

THE ATTACK WAS EVENTUALLY REPORTED TO EARTH HQ —

AND SO EARTH WENT TO WAR WITH DAZEL.

MR PRESIDENT — THE DAZELIANS HAVE ATTACKED US AGAIN.

WE'VE TAKEN ALL WE CAN STAND. SUMMON THE WORLD COUNCIL. WE MUST STRIKE BACK.

THE EARTHMEN HAVE DESTROYED OUR SHIP — MAKE THEM PAY!

THE DAZELIANS HAD BATTLED OVER RIM-WORLD TRADING RIGHTS FOR YEARS. KNOWN AS THE RIM-WORLDS, THE FAR OFF PLANETS WERE A RICH SOURCE OF INCOME FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF EARTH.

COMMANDOS ATTACK!

EARTH SABOTAGE SQUADS STRUCK IN THE HEART OF ENEMY TERRITORY —

THESE GRAV-BUSTERS ARE HIGHLY VOLATILE. LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T BLOW UP ON US . . .



THE HIT AND RUN RAIDS WENT ON—



THE WAR DRAGGED ON—



MR PRESIDENT, OUR LOSSES IN SPACE  
ARE REACHING CRITICAL LEVELS. THIS  
DISPUTE MUST BE ENDED NOW.

BUT THE DAZELIANS WILL NOT AGREE TO  
A TRUCE. CONDITIONAL SURRENDER IS  
UNTHINKABLE ...

EARTH'S FINEST MINDS APPLIED THEMSELVES TO THE BUSINESS OF WINNING A WAR...

GENTLEMEN, THIS SYMBIOTIC CONTROL SYSTEM UTILISES THE MOST SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER THERE IS — THE HUMAN BRAIN — TO CONTROL ALL ASPECTS OF A SPACECRAFT'S FUNCTION.



FLEETS OF SYM-SHIPS WERE ASSEMBLED, AND EARTH WON MANY VICTORIES.

THE SYMBO CAN DO EVERYTHING AND THE ADVANTAGE OF THE HUMAN BRAIN OVER A MACHINE IS THAT IT CAN MAKE DECISIONS BASED ON INSTINCT AND FEELING...




THE PILOTS OF THESE NEW EARTH SHIPS SEEM TO KNOW WHAT WE ARE GOING TO DO BEFORE WE KNOW IT OURSELVES.

... BUT STILL THE WAR DRAGGED ON.




NEGOTIATIONS TOOK PLACE —



MR. PRESIDENT — THE EARTH COUNCIL DELEGATION ON ITS WAY FOR TALKS HAS BEEN ATTACKED.

BY GEHENNA! WHAT CASUALTIES . . ?

A SUICIDE SQUAD FROM DAZEL HAD SLIPPED INTO EARTH SPACE DESTROYING HALF OF THE WORLD COUNCIL, THE WHOLE OF THE ESCORT FLEET. . . AND THEMSELVES!



ALL 17 ON BOARD MUST HAVE PERISHED BECAUSE THERE WAS NO TRACE OF SURVIVORS.



THE WAR WAS STEPPED UP AGAIN, BUT ON EARTH, THE PEOPLE HAD TAKEN ENOUGH...

THE WAR

FINISH  
THE WAR

END  
THE WAR

FINISH  
THE WAR

STOP THE WAR!  
STOP THE WAR!

ON DAZEL, IT WAS THE SAME STORY.

OUR PEOPLE CANNOT TAKE  
MUCH MORE FIGHTING. WE  
ARE SUFFERING APPALLING  
LOSSES.

I THOUGHT THE ATTACK ON THEIR WORLD COUNCIL  
DELEGATION WOULD KNOCK SOME OF THE FIGHT  
OUT OF THEM. BUT NO... SO WE MUST TALK.

NEGOTIATIONS WERE LONG AND DRAWN-OUT, BUT FINALLY ...

WORLD GOVERNMENT

THEY'VE AGREED... THAT'S  
IT... THE WAR IS OVER!

GENTLEMEN — I AM SECURITY CHIEF  
WARWICK, AND THIS MEETING HAS  
BEN CALLED BECAUSE OF A REPORT  
FROM DAZEL.

BUT AS IN THE AFTERMATH OF ANY WAR, INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CONTINUED TO OPERATE, AND SOME MONTHS AFTER PEACE  
WAS DECLARED.







WARWICK EXPLAINED THAT A VIDRECORD OF THE ATTACK HAD BEEN COPIED, AND SMUGGLED OUT ...

THE EARTH COUNCIL DELEGATION, SUPPOSEDLY DESTROYED IN EARTH SPACE JUST PRIOR TO THE ENDING OF THE WAR, ACTUALLY SURVIVED THE ATTACK! THE SUICIDE CRAFT HAD THE BIO PATTERNS OF THE 17 "DEAD". A FRACTION BEFORE THE EARTH SHIP WAS DESTROYED, THEY WERE ALL BEAMED OUT TO AN AWAITING TRANSPORTER EQUIPPED WITH A BIO-BEAM SHORT RANGE TRANSPORTER.



THE ONLY REASON FOR THIS CAN BE RE-ARMING. DAZEL PLAN TO ATTACK US.



WE MUST RESCUE THEM — OR KILL THEM. ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS THE RAID, AN ASTEROID, KNOWN AS ROURKE'S STAR WAS PULLED IN ORBIT AROUND DAZEL — THIS MUST BE A TOP SECURITY PRISON FOR THEM.



WE MUST GET A SQUAD ONTO THAT STAR! I KNOW HOW... THE WATER USED BY THE PRISONERS HAS TO BE SHIPPED FROM DAZEL IN HUGE TANKERS AS THERE'S NO WATER SUPPLY ON ROURKE'S STAR...



THE INTELLIGENCE REPORTS THAT THE NEXT SHIPMENT IS BEING READIED EVEN NOW, SO WE MUST STRIKE SOON. GENTLEMEN, I'LL HAVE TO PUT TOGETHER A VERY SPECIAL TEAM FOR THIS MISSION.



SOME TIME LATER, AT ONE OF EARTH'S MAJOR SPACEPORTS.











FORGET YOUR DISLIKE OF ME, KESSEL. I WANT YOU TO LEAD A SQUAD ON A MISSION THAT IS A BIT DANGEROUS.

KNOWING YOU... I'M NOT SURPRISED.

FACED WITH THE THREAT OF PRISON, KESSEL AGREED, AND LATER IN A LAB —



WARWICK EXPLAINED ABOUT ROURKE'S STAR —

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

30 YEARS IN PRISON IF YOU DON'T AGREE!

YOU'LL NEED A NEW ARM. THE FINEST ARTIFICIAL LIMB YOU CAN GET. A CYBERNETIC WONDER...



BETTER THAN PRISON, I SUPPOSE.



ONCE HIS NEW ARM WAS FITTED, KESSEL SET ABOUT RECRUITING HIS TEAM.

HEY! A BLIND MAN... HE'LL  
BE WORTH A FEW CREDITS.









THE BLIND MAN ACTIVATED A RESONATING CIRCUIT



THE RESONATOR  
EMITTED AN EAR  
PIERCING SCREAM  
DESIGNED TO GIVE  
A NEURO-SHOCK.

THE BLINDMAN'S POWER PACK WAS PRIMARILY USED  
TO POWER HIS SENSOR STICK, BUT, THROUGH ADAPTION DOUBLED AS A DEFENCE DEVICE.





MILLER'S "ACCIDENT" FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND —

DAZELIAN WEDGEFIGHTER FORMATION  
CIRCLING TO ATTACK. YOU GOT 'EM, MILLER?

I KNEW THEY WERE COMING BEFORE  
THEY KNEW IT THEMSELVES, COLONEL.

TAKE THEM, MILLER!



THE SHIPS FROM EARTH WITH THEIR PILOTS AIDED BY NEURO-IMPULSE AMPLIFIERS WERE GOOD, BUT SOMETIMES JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH . . .



WE'RE HIT. . . ARRGH!

MILLER — WHAT'S HAPPENED?

A FREAK SHOT BY A WEDGEFIGHTER HAD FUSED SEVERAL VITAL CURCUITS. POWER FED BACK INTO THE NEURO-IMPULSE LINK UP AND . . .



MY HEAD. . . BURSTING . . .

GET HIM TO MEDICAL!

KESSEL AND HIS MEN WON THAT BATTLE, AND MILLER WAS SHIPPED BACK TO EARTH.



HIS SIGHT IS GONE! THE SURGE OF POWER BURNT BOTH HIS RETINAS. . . HE'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN.





DAYS LATER, IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN,  
A STRANGE PURSUIT TOOK PLACE.

HA! THOSE SURFACE DWELLERS THINK THAT  
BY PUTTING ON SUB SUITS THEY CAN BE  
AS A TRUE GILL-MAN. NOT SO!



GILL-MEN POSSESSED SURGICALLY IMPLANTED GILLS, ENABLING THEM TO LIVE AND BREATHE UNDERWATER. GILL-MEN WERE HUNTED AS FREAKS.

STUPID G-MAN! THINKS HE CAN OUT-RACE A JET POWERED SUB SUIT.

YEA? — WELL HE WON'T OUT-RACE THIS MANTA MISSILE.

SUT

DODGED IT — BUT THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND. THEY'RE CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL.





BUT JUST AS IT SEEMED CERTAIN THAT THE GILL-MAN WAS TRAPPED ...

WHAT THE ... ?

HOMER HARPS! THOSE  
SPEARS ARE SET TO  
HOME IN ON THE  
SERVO-MECHS OF THESE  
SUB-SUITS!



THEN LET'S GO TOP SIDE  
AND GET THEM OFF!

I'M WITH YOU!

PANICKED BY THE HOMER HARPS, THE MEN IN THE SUB SUITS HEADED FOR THE SURFACE. THEIR UNSEEN ATTACKER THEN REVEALED HIMSELF.

STILL UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS EH, SALT? YOU'LL GET HURT ONE DAY IF YOU DON'T STOP BUZZING THE SURFACE-DWELLER COLONIES DOWN HERE. BUT LISTEN — GET IN HERE... I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.



THE GILL-MAN KNOWN AS SALT ENTERED THE SUB THROUGH A SMALL AIR-LOCK, AND...

THANKS FOR THE RESCUE BUT MAKE IT QUICK, KESSEL. I CAN'T LAST TOO LONG OUT OF THE WATER.

I HAVE A JOB I WANT YOU TO DO. IT'S TOUGH, IT'S DANGEROUS — BUT YOU OWE ME A FAVOUR AND I FIGURE THIS IS IT.





SALT WAS INDEED IN KESSEL'S DEBT, FOR MANY YEARS BEFORE . . .



SWIMMING TOO CLOSE TO AN UNDERWATER WEAPONS-TESTING SITE, SALT HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN AN EXPLOSION. WASHED UP ON THE SHORE, KESSEL HAD FOUND HIM . . .



... AND NURSED HIM BACK FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH.



KESSEL TOLD SALT OF THE PROPOSED RAID ON ROURKE'S STAR.

I'LL DO IT. BUT THIS MAKES US QUILTS, RIGHT?



EVEN STEVEN AFTER THIS ONE, SALT!

KESSEL HAD ONE MORE TEAM-MEMBER TO RECRUIT — AT THE NORTH POLE ...

HE'S SEEN ME!







GET OUT AND STAY OUT.  
I DON'T LIKE STRANGERS.

TURN THAT GUN OFF, AURIC —  
IT'S ME, KESSEL.

I'M SORRY, COLONEL.  
I DIDN'T RECOGNISE YOU.

APOLOGY UNNECESSARY BUT ACCEPTED,  
AURIC. BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO SWAP  
PLEASANTRIES — I'VE COME TO OFFER YOU  
A JOB WHICH MEANS GOING BACK INTO  
SPACE.

BACK INTO SPACE... THE VERY IDEA MADE AURIC SHUDDER. DURING THE EARTH-DAZEL  
WAR HE HAD BEEN A SUNFIGHTER, A MEMBER OF AN ELITE CORPS.

THE DAZEL FLOTILLA WILL BE IN POSITION IN  
POINT FIVE SPATIALS, CAPTAIN AURIC.

GOOD! WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE SUN THEIR  
INSTRUMENTS CAN'T DETECT US. THEY'LL THINK  
WE'RE A SUN-SPOT — UNTIL WE ATTACK.

IN SPECIALLY SHIELDED SHIPS, THE SUNFIGHTERS USED DANGEROUS TACTICS TO WIN MANY VICTORIES, BUT AS THIS PARTICULAR ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED ...

WE'RE HIT, CAPTAIN AURIC.  
WE'RE... WE'RE HEADING INTO THE SUN!

THE GUIDANCE  
CONTROL... GONE...

THE SUNFIGHTER SHIP DRIFTED TOWARDS THE HEART OF THE SUN...

DEAD... ALL OF THE CREW DESTROYED  
BY THIS TERRIBLE HEAT. I'M NEXT...





AURIC WAS TOUGH — TOUGHER THAN EVEN HE HAD THOUGHT. HORRIBLY BURNED, WITH HIS SHIP LITERALLY MELTING ABOUT HIM, HE MANAGED TO REACH THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM AND . . .

RETRO-FIRE COMPLETE. . . SHIP  
ANSWERING TO CONTROLS. . . THANK GOODNESS.

AURIC HAD BEEN CLOSER TO THE HEART OF THE SUN THAN ANY MAN WHO EVER LIVED AND HE'D SURVIVED TO TELL THE TALE, BUT SINCE THAT DAY HE COULD NOT STAND HEAT OF ANY KIND.

COME WITH ME, AND YOU'LL  
GET A SETTLEMENT ON PLUTO.

THE COLDEST PLANET IN THE  
SOLAR SYSTEM? I'LL COME.

SOON, IN A SYM-SHIP IN EARTH ORBIT . . .

RIGHT — LET'S GET THIS  
SHOW ON THE ROAD.



WHAT'S IN THAT CRATE MARKED, "MILLER, PRIVATE"?

SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WORKING ON, COLONEL. IT MAY COME IN HANDY ON THIS TRIP. I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS... BUT YOU JUST MIGHT!

KESSEL'S TEAM WERE FINALLY READY TO LAUNCH THE RAID ON ROURKE'S STAR --

LET'S GO!!



AS THE TEAM NEARED THE PLANET DAZEL...

YOU KNOW THE PLAN, AURIC. I'LL BE BACK SOON. HOW'S THAT WET SUIT, SALT?

FINE! IT'LL DO ME UNTIL WE REACH DAZEL.



LEAVING THE SYM-SHIP IN A SHROUDED SHUTTLE CRAFT, KESSEL AND SALT LANDED UNOBSERVED ON DAZEL AND MADE THEIR WAY TO A SPACEPORT.

THAT BIG SHIP'S THE WATER SUPPLY FOR ROURKE'S STAR. THAT'LL BE YOUR HOME FOR A WHILE, SALT.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, KESSEL.

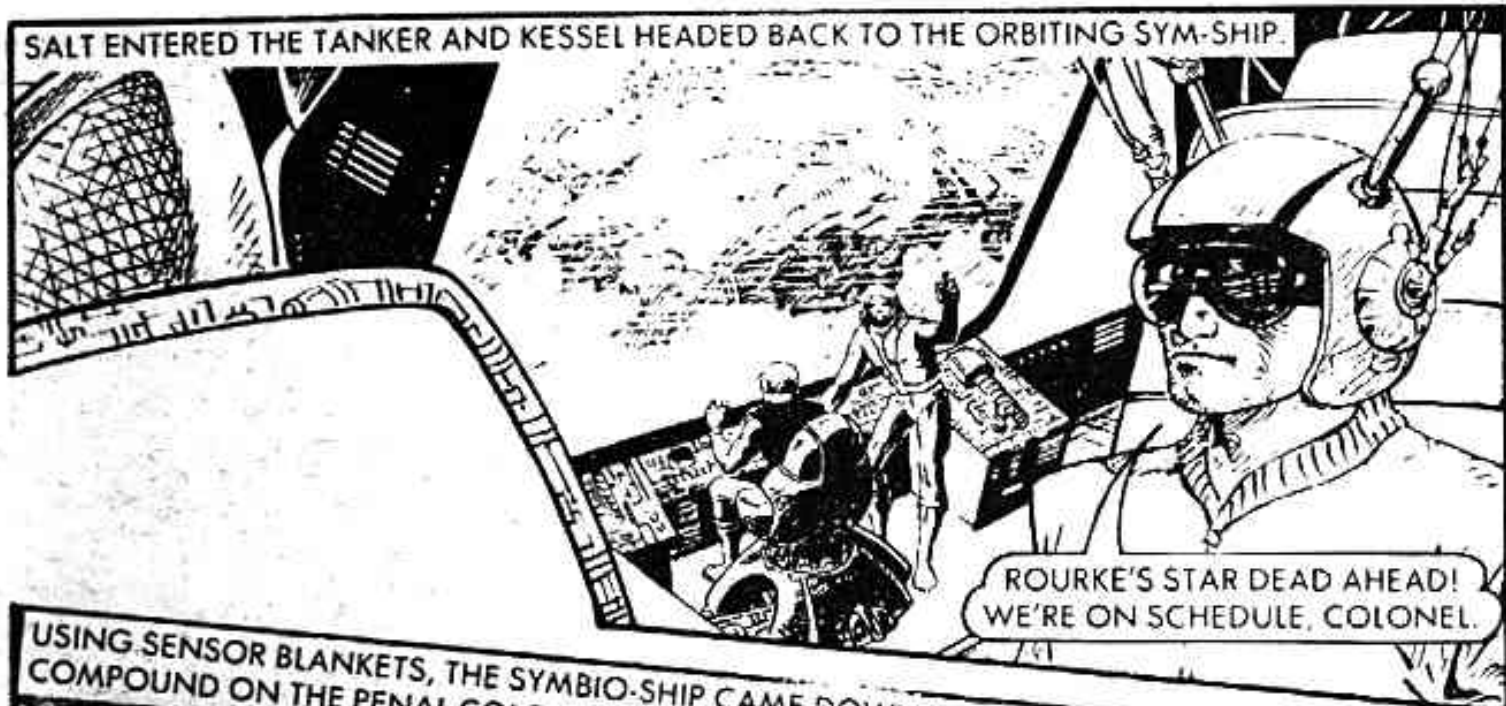
SENTRIES WERE DISPOSED OF SILENTLY AND EFFICIENTLY. WITH THE WATER-LOADING OPERATION BEING COMPLETELY AUTOMATED, KESSEL AND SALT HAD NO FURTHER GUARDS TO WORRY ABOUT, AND ONCE IN THE COMMAND ROOM —

THAT WET SUIT, PLUS ALL THE LIQUID IN THIS TANKER, WILL HELP SHIELD YOU FROM THE ACCELERATION.

I'LL SEE YOU AT THE COMPOUND ON ROURKE'S STAR IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.



SALT ENTERED THE TANKER AND KESSEL HEADED BACK TO THE ORBITING SYM-SHIP.



USING SENSOR BLANKETS, THE SYMBIO-SHIP CAME DOWN WELL AWAY FROM THE COMPOUND ON THE PENAL COLONY—



THE TEAM APPROACHED THE COMPOUND WHERE THE EARTH SCIENTISTS WERE BEING HELD.

HOLD IT! BEYOND THIS POINT WE'RE IN RANGE OF THE VISI-SCRAMBLERS. PUT THE EYE-SHIELD ON, AURIC. MILLER CAN LEAD US THE REST OF THE WAY.

VISI-SCRAMBLERS INTERFERED WITH THE OPTIC NERVES PREVENTING THE VICTIM FROM SEEING.

SOON, AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE COMPOUND'S FIREFIELD ...

THE SYMBIO LINK-UP FED ALL THE SHIP'S CHARTS DIRECTLY INTO MY BRAIN—AND ACCORDING TO THEM, THIS IS THE POINT FROM WHICH WE LAUNCH THE ATTACK.

IF EVERYTHING'S GONE TO PLAN, OUR AGENT INSIDE THE COMPOUND SHOULD CUT OUT THE SCANNERS ANY MINUTE NOW AND OPEN UP A CLEAR RUN FOR AURIC.



THE TERRAN AGENT WAS INDEED WORKING FEVERISHLY—



TWO SCREENS CUT OUT—

MALFUNCTION...

DON'T WORRY—THE FIRE FIELD'S  
ALREADY ACTIVATED ITSELF...

OUTSIDE—

I FEEL LIKE A CRISP ALREADY—AND  
YOU'RE GOING INTO THAT INFERNO,  
AURIC?

I SURVIVED THE SUN—THIS WILL BE EASY!



AS AURIC PLUNGED INTO THE WHITE-HOT HELL OF THE FIREFIELD, BACK INSIDE THE  
COMPOUND THE WATER-SHIP HAD ARRIVED—

WHEW—THAT WAS SOME RIDE UP FROM  
DAZEL. STILL, NOW I'M HERE I'D BETTER GET  
ON WITH THE JOB.





SALT SET ABOUT COMPLETING HIS PART OF THE PLAN AS AURIC, HIS PROTECTIVE SUIT AFLAME, MADE HIMSELF KNOWN TO THE COMPOUND GUARDS...



WHAAAAT?

NO IT... IT CAN'T  
BE HAPPENING!

SHOOT HIM BEFORE IT'S  
TOO... ARRRRGH!



THE SECOND GUARD ALSO  
MET HIS END—



MY FIRE'S GOING OUT SO I  
WON'T HAVE THE SAME EFFECT  
ON THE MEN WE'RE HERE TO  
RESCUE.

INSIDE THE COMPOUND BUILDINGS, SECURITY WAS LAX. AURIC MET NO FURTHER TROUBLE AS HE SEARCHED FOR, AND FINALLY FOUND, THE MISSING EARTH SCIENTISTS.

... AND THAT'S HOW  
I GOT HERE.

VERY WELL! WE MUST NOW  
GO TO THE COMPUTER CENTRE.

BUT AT THE COMPUTER CENTRE, CHAOS ALREADY REIGNED ...

SALT—YOU DID THIS?

YEAH! THE PLAN WAS FOR ME JUST TO HELP  
WARWICK'S MAN HERE ON THE INSIDE. BUT HE  
MANAGED HIMSELF—I THOUGHT OF ALL THAT  
WATER GOING TO WASTE, SO I COOKED UP A LITTLE  
SCHEME OF MY OWN.



BY FEEDING WATER INTO THE POWER SYSTEM, SALT HAD CAUSED HAVOC —

NO, BUT I DO. LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE!

IT'S CHAOS DOWN THERE. THE CAMERAS  
ARE OUT, THE FIRE FIELD'S SHUT OFF, THE  
VISI-SCRAMBLERS ARE NO GOOD. THEY  
DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN.

BY NOW THE COMPOUND WAS SWARMING WITH GUARDS.

BLASTER BOLT!

IT WAS ONLY THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WHICH ALLOWED THE EARTH PARTY TO ESCAPE FROM THE COMPOUND IN ONE PIECE, BUT THE DAZELIANS WERE RECOVERING FAST—

KEEP MOVING—THE SHIP WILL MEET US HALF WAY.

I THINK THE GUARDS HAVE FIGURED THAT OUT, TOO. THEY'RE BRINGING UP THE BIG GUNS.

ON BOARD THE SYM-SHIP, MILLER HAD ALREADY BEEN ALERTED TO THE DANGER—


STAND BY ON THE PLASMA CANNON, COLONEL. DAZELIAN RETORT RAYS ARE LOCKING ON OUR RENDEZVOUS POSITION.

I'M READY, MILLER.



WITH MILLER'S GUIDANCE AND KESSEL'S MARKSMANSHIP, THE STUNNED DAZELIANS STOOD LITTLE CHANCE.

GET THE SHIP BEFORE IT ...



WITH TIME RUNNING OUT, MILLER MADE THE RENDEZVOUS.

UP YOU COME, GENTS. WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO GET YOU AND WE'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT YOU.

MILLER TOOK THE SYM-SHIP AWAY FROM ROURKE'S STAR, BUT NOT AWAY FROM DANGER—

WEDGEFIGHTERS, COLONEL—LAUNCHED FROM DAZEL AND CLOSING FAST. THEY MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE RAID.

DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE WORD TO GET AROUND, DID IT? TRY TO OUT-RUN THEM, MILLER—I'LL DO WHAT I CAN WITH THE PLASMA CANNON.



THE WEDGEFIGHTERS ATTACKED—



CLOSE CALL, COLONEL...

DON'T STAND THERE COMPLAINING,  
AURIC—GET TO A GUN.

MILLER'S PILOTING WAS EXPERT. THE SHIP SUSTAINED ONLY MINOR DAMAGE, BUT  
ACCOUNTED FOR SEVERAL WEDGEFIGHTERS.



KESSEL AND HIS TEAM LOOKED SET FOR A CLEAN ESCAPE, UNTIL—

THEY'RE NOT QUITTING, COLONEL.

WE CAN'T HOLD THEM ALL OFF. WE NEED  
HELP, MILLER. PUT A CALL OUT TO THE  
SPACE NAVY.

KESSEL AND HIS MEN CONTINUED TO FIGHT AS THE  
DISTRESS MESSAGE WAS BEAMED OUT.

ANY JOY, MILLER?

IT'S ODD, COLONEL—  
INSTRUMENTS SHOW THAT THE  
MESSAGE IS BEING RECEIVED, BUT  
THEY DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE.

SONS OF DOGS! THEY'RE GOING TO LEAVE  
US ALL HERE TO DIE.

EASE OFF, SALT!



SOMEONE WANTS THESE BIG  
BRAINS KILLED. WE WERE SET  
UP—WHOEVER PLANNED THIS  
KNEW WE WOULD BE KILLED.  
I KNEW WE WOULDN'T GET  
BACK.

THAT'S CRAZY TALK! OUR CALL  
CAN'T BE ACKNOWLEDGED OR  
EARTH WOULD BE OFFICIALLY  
ADMITTING THAT SHE WAS  
BEHIND THE RAID.

THIS WAY, WARWICK AND HIS BOYS CAN STILL  
CLAIM THEY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT AND  
THE THREAT OF RESTARTING THE WAR DOESN'T  
ARISE. OF COURSE, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO  
BE THE LOSERS HERE . . .

NOT NECESSARILY, COLONEL . . .

MILLER ASKED FOR HIS SEALED CRATE TO BE BROUGHT UP FROM THE HOLD . . .

I HAD THAT THING BUILT TO MY OWN  
DESIGN. IT'S JUST A PROTOTYPE, BUT I WAS  
HOPING TO SELL IT TO THE SPACE NAVY  
AND MAYBE GET BACK INTO SPACE ON THE  
STRENGTH OF IT . . .

AND YOU SAY IT JUST HOOKS  
INTO THE SYMBIO LINK-UP?

EVEN AS MILLER EXPLAINED, THE FIGHT CONTINUED ...

YES! IT'S A KIND OF THOUGHT AMPLIFIER. I CALL IT THE "MILLER MIXER". WHAT IT DOES IS TO BEAM THE BRAIN SIGNALS THAT I SEND INTO THE SYMBIO SYSTEM ON THIS SHIP OUT INTO ANY COMPUTER THAT'S NEARBY.

SUCH AS THE GUIDANCE COMPUTER OF A DAZELIAN WEDGEFIGHTER, EH?



YOU'VE GOT IT, COLONEL. THE ONLY PROBLEM IS WITH THE RANGE OF THIS THING. WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN VERY CLOSE IF IT'S GOING TO WORK.

IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO. STAND BY TO TAKE US IN ...



THE DAZELIANS WERE PUZZLED BY THE CHANGE OF TACTICS...

THEY'RE TURNING ...  
HEADING BACK AT US.

AND TOWARDS  
CERTAIN DEATH!

THERE'S A LOT OF STRAIN INVOLVED IN  
THIS OPERATION, COLONEL. I HAVE TO  
MENTALLY JAM THE DAZELIAN  
COMPUTER PROGRAMMES, AND THAT'S  
NOT EASY...

DO YOUR BEST, MILLER.  
AND DO IT...





TENSE MOMENTS OF FIGHTING PASSED ...

COME ON ... COME ON ...

ATTABOY, MILLER ...

SUDDENLY ...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FOOL?  
PUT US BACK ON COURSE!

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE  
GUIDANCE COMPUTER. WE'RE OUT OF ...





EVEN AS MILLER SPOKE...

THAT HURT! HOW BAD IS IT, MILLER?


PRETTY BAD! GUN-SIGHTING COMPUTER'S SHORTED OUT. WITHOUT IT, AT THIS SPEED, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE LOCKING ON A TARGET.

THEN IT'S ALL UP TO YOU! GET US RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM AND REALLY LET RIP. WE'LL COVER AS BEST WE CAN.

CHECK, COLONEL!

WITH INCREDIBLE DARING, THE EARTH SHIP SPED INTO THE VERY CENTRE OF THE DAZELIAN FORMATION...

THEY'RE HITTING US, BUT I  
THINK MILLER'S GOING TO DO IT!





HALF A DOZEN WEDGEFIGHTERS LEFT.  
COME ON, MILLER... COME ON!

THE DAZELIANS DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM.  
EVEN WITHOUT OUR GUN-SIGHT COMPUTER  
THEY'RE SITTING DUCKS.

UNNNNGH... PAIN...

THE WEDGEFIGHTERS WERE THROWN OUT OF CONTROL BY THE MILLER MIXER.

YEAH—BUT HOW LONG CAN MILLER  
STAND THE STRAIN?

SALT'S QUESTION WAS ANSWERED DRAMATICALLY...

MILLER'S HAD IT. I'LL TAKE OVER ON  
MANUAL. HOW'S THE OPPOSITION  
LOOKING, AURIC?





KESSEL'S TEAM OF RAIDERS MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO EARTH WITH THEIR VALUABLE CARGO.



KESSEL WAS PUZZLED BY WARWICK'S ATTITUDE —

WARWICK DOESN'T SEEM PLEASED.  
YET WE DID EXACTLY AS HE WANTED.



SO WE'VE ALL GOT THE SAME FEELING...  
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT MEANS THAT WE WEREN'T MEANT TO SUCCEED  
... THAT THE SCIENTISTS HAD TO DIE BECAUSE  
THE DAZELIANS HAD WHAT THEY REQUIRED. WE  
WERE SENT TO TAKE THEM TO THEIR DEATHS.











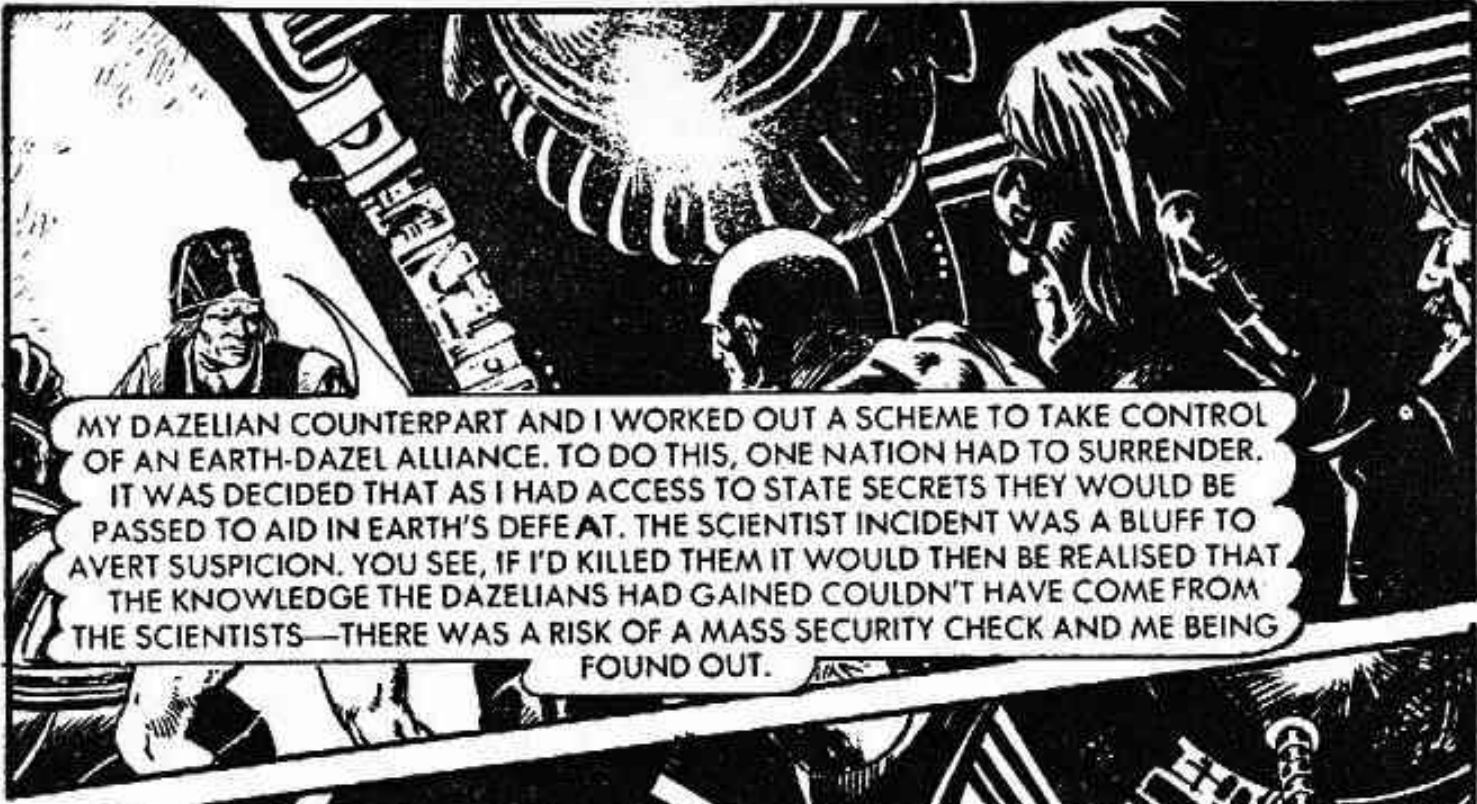
KESSEL MADE A LUNGE FOR WARWICK—

STOP THERE, KESSEL!

HE'S GOT A THERMOBLASTER... TO WHICH  
I HAVE A HIGH RESISTANCE.







MY DAZELIAN COUNTERPART AND I WORKED OUT A SCHEME TO TAKE CONTROL OF AN EARTH-DAZEL ALLIANCE. TO DO THIS, ONE NATION HAD TO SURRENDER. IT WAS DECIDED THAT AS I HAD ACCESS TO STATE SECRETS THEY WOULD BE PASSED TO AID IN EARTH'S DEFEAT. THE SCIENTIST INCIDENT WAS A BLUFF TO AVERT SUSPICION. YOU SEE, IF I'D KILLED THEM IT WOULD THEN BE REALISED THAT THE KNOWLEDGE THE DAZELIANS HAD GAINED COULDN'T HAVE COME FROM THE SCIENTISTS—THERE WAS A RISK OF A MASS SECURITY CHECK AND ME BEING FOUND OUT.



FOOL! NOW YOU DIE!

I THINK NOT!



BUT AURIC'S BODY ABSORBED THE HEAT—



AURIC ACTIVATED HIS RESONATOR—

NO—YOU DIE!



LATER—

... YOUR ACTIONS HAVE SHOWN  
YOU TO BE INCORRUPTABLE ...



I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, SIR. WE ALL DID THE JOB  
FOR OUR OWN REASONS, AND PATRIOTISM  
WASN'T ONE OF THEM.



PERHAPS NOT, KESSEL, BUT YOU DID THE JOB AND WORKED OUT SOMETHING NOBODY ELSE HAD EVEN SUSPECTED. GET PASSES FROM MY AIDE, THEN SEEK OUT OTHER WEAKNESSES IN SECURITY. BEGONE, YOU RUFFIANS.

THE ODD BUNCH OF MISFITS HAD AT LAST BEEN ACCEPTED BY THE SYSTEM THAT REJECTED THEM... WORTH A PLACE OF TRUST IN AN UNTRUSTWORTHY SOCIETY.



**DON'T FORGET THIS  
MONTH'S *OTHER***

# **STARBLAZER**

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 139

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Apollo 17 was launched on December 7, 1972 on a mission lasting 12 days 13 hrs 51 mins 59 secs. The command module pilot was Commander Ronald Ellwin Evans, 39, USN (right), accompanied by the twelfth man on the Moon, Harrison Hagen "Jack" Schmitt, 37. Evans is now in business and Schmitt served his country as a politician.

